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THE HISTORY OF

GOSTANZA AND MARTUCCIO.

C. STEPHENS.

"You are deceived, my Gostanza," replied he, "if you suppose what you see to be the sports of a mind at ease. Our fate is, indeed, at present, hopeful; but the vicissitudes of fortune are as sudden as a volcano, and what she refuses us to-day, she may spontaneously offer us to-morrow. Behold the aim of my present purpose, and the cause of my cherished labors: Your father has no other motive for his refusal to our happiness than that of my unequal fortune; and could that inequality be removed, he would not hesitate to confirm our love by his parental consent. In my present situation, as clerk and dependant of a richer, I can have no hope of attaining this continuance of wealth, and therefore, if I remain in the service of Lysimachus, I must submit to see you the wife of a rich rival. To avoid this, I have resolved to leave your father's house, and embark as a sailor on a voyage of adventure. A Venetian captain, a relation of my father, is now in the port of Lipari; he has invited me to embark with him for the Indies, and to encourage me to an acceptance of his proposal, has offered me the loan of four thousand ducats to purchase the necessary merchandise. Behold, Gostanza, the source of my present hopes. Yes, my Gostanza, I feel a confidence that Heaven will bless my honest efforts, and that our union is not so impossible or so distant as it appears."

"Gostanza was about to answer, as far as her tears would permit, when they were interrupted by Lysimachus himself, who demanded, with some anger, the cause of her unusual emotion. Martuccio did not hesitate to declare his purpose. Lysimachus, for some moments regarded him with astonishment, but at length returning to his usual air of gravity, he remarked of Martuccio, if he was in earnest? "From this eminence," replied Martuccio, "you may behold the ship. My departure is fixed an hour hence."

Lysimachus, upon this reply, regarded him for a few moments in silence; but at length thus addressed him:—"Martuccio, you have served me for some years with equal faith and ability; were your fortune any thing equal to that of my daughter, I should prefer you for a son-in-law to any inhabitant of Lipari. The disparity of your fortunes, however, is too great; and if fact in the character, and with the duties of a father, I must not hesitate to oppose your union. It is this which has caused my refusal. I now, however, repeat my promise, that from the regard I bear to you, and from gratitude for your fidelity in my service, if you can find any means to produce a fortune but one half of that of Gostanza, you shall be free. Your present purpose is worthy of your love and courage. Gostanza shall wait unmolested during the space of a year from the present day, for you return within that period, and can produce the sum I have mentioned,

Gostanza, with all my wealth, shall become yours. Martuccio, farewell; take an embrace of your mistress, and without further delay depart."

Martuccio did not wait for any second invitation, but embraced her with all the tenderness of sincere love; nor was Gostanza herself more restrained by the presence of her father; she was not merely passive in the arms of her lover; her embrace had more delicacy, perhaps, but equal tenderness with that of Martuccio himself. Lysimachus, who had no other view than that of avarice, could not behold them so moved; but perceiving the feelings of his daughter to be too much agitated, he at length contrived them to separate; and, pressing the hand of Martuccio, again addressed him:—"Martuccio, your friend, you say, has promised you the loan of four thousand ducats; I will add to them the gift of a thousand; (there is that sum in this bill of exchange); it will be paid to you on your arrival at Venice by the Venetian merchant upon whom it is drawn. Go, Martuccio, and may Heaven prosper your efforts! You have my prayers and good wishes."

Saying this, and forcing his pocket book into the hands of Martuccio, he waved his hand for him to depart. Martuccio again embraced Gostanza in the arms of her father—adieu!—and a bill soon imperceptible from him from sight.

Lysimachus conducted his daughter to the house, and gave her into the care of her attendants. Their attempts at consolation were for some days in vain; and though the violence of her fit of emotion yielded to the usual remedy of time, yet the melancholy into which they had subsided appeared wholly incurable.

In the meantime Martuccio had embarked, and the vessel, with a favourable wind, was already upon its voyage. The hopes of Martuccio, and the pleasures of their navigation, had already dissipated a part of his late chagrin; his countenance and heart were animated with a new joy, and he anticipated with all the sanguine confidence of youth and hope, the attainment of his wishes. The voyage was, indeed, through the most beautiful part of the Mediterranean sea. As the science of navigation was less understood at that time than in the present day, it was the custom of the vessels rather to coast along the shores than to trust to the open sea. Their voyages were thus more varied and beautiful. Martuccio enjoyed this pleasure; the fancy of the painter of poets has scarcely painted a scene like what daily presented itself to the eyes of Martuccio. The shores of the Mediterranean are alternately mountains, hills, and plains; mountains whose tops were hidden in clouds, hills clothed with the groves of summer, and plains of verdure like that of emerald. All the varieties both of culture and solitude concurred to the splendor and beauty of this scenery; the eye was now presented with the spectacle of a magnificent city, the gilded summits of whose towers were glittering beneath the beams of a morning sun. The cheerful sound of the dis-

tant bell, the ascending smoke, and the throng of the busy inhabitants, all composed a morning landscape, the beauty and effect of which can only be conceived by those who have been the spectators of a similar scene. Nor were the scenes of solitude less touching to an admirer of nature; such were the woods whose extent and height seemed to argue their primordial origin; such were the plains that glowed beneath the genial influence of the sun's rays.

Martuccio, who had hitherto been confined within the narrow walls of a city, and occupied in the cares and hurry of merchandize, was no less surprised than transported at the objects he beheld. "How beautiful," said he, "how great in all her works, is the firming hand of Nature! How impossible is it to regard a scene like this without reverting to its mighty original and all-wise author. Thy wisdom is, indeed, visible in thy works;—no sea is so diverse."

In this manner passed the greater part of the voyage of Martuccio, and the beauty and novelty of the scenery had infused that tranquillity into his troubled mind, that he had now no images but those of hope. "Yes, my Gostanza," he would say, in his moments of rapture, "the power who thus delights in general good will not desert us. Sea shall in vain divide us, and more powerful aid than in vain interpose its bar; our love merits aid, and will obtain a super or protection."

The confidence of Martuccio was so completely, and by an event of fortune as fatal as sudden, changed to despair. The third week of their voyage had passed over in this security of hope; the morning which began the month at length dawned. Martuccio, who felt the charms of nature with the more sensibility as they were more novel and fresh, was in the habit of rising with the first light, and enjoying in a walk upon deck the freshness of the early hour. Upon the morning, the fatal event of which we are about to relate, he was in the enjoyment of this his usual pleasure, and the beauties of the morning dawn had never more merited the attention of an admirer of nature; the sun with all its eastern splendour, was rising from the bosom of the ocean, and the sea which bounded the horizon, reflected upon its surface the burnished light; the concave of the heavens formed a bold and lofty arch, and the world of waters beneath received and communicated new beauty and freshness. The inhabitants of the deep seemed not unconscious of the beauty of the scene; the dolphins ascended to the surface of the water, and displayed their colours to the morning sun; the less shapely monsters of the ocean surrounded the ship, and in long troops up each side of the vessel, continued to move their unaided marries. Martuccio was occupied in the observation of these objects, when, happening to cast a look behind, he beheld at some distance a vessel under full sail. It was as yet hardly visible; its white sails could hardly be distinguished from the clouds and waters. The landscape, however beautiful, had appeared to Martuccio to have too much

of what the painters call *roses*, in other words of solitude. This defect was removed by the appearance of the approaching vessel, and such was the transport of Martuccio upon the new revealed beauty of the scene, that he could not restrain himself from summoning the family, to share his pleasure. After pointing out the various objects which had excited his admiration, he directed his attention to the approaching vessel. He said (said he) what crowns the happy scene! This captain here cast a regard upon the vessel, but his glance no sooner met his eye than he started, at the same time uttering a sudden exclamation:—
Alas! unfortunate man, we have nothing further to hope but death or slavery! The vessel which approaches is a rover from Tunis!

(To be Continued.)

Dr. Whiman's Account of the Greek Women.

These Greek women leave the face, which is beautiful and of an oval form, unvaried. Their eyes are black, as are also their eyebrows, to which, as well as to their eyelids, they pay a particular attention, rubbing them over, by means of a deep powder, with a brush, or reduced to an impalpable powder, blended with an unguent matter to give it consistence. Their complexion is generally pale. They wear their hair, which is of a great length, and of a deep smiling black, in tresses, and sometimes turned back, in a fanciful way, on the head. In other instances it hangs loosely down the back, according to the tips. They are commonly dressed in a pelice of silk, satin, or some other material. They are costly in their attire, the choice of which they are not attached to any particular colour. On the head they wear a small cap.

The Greek women marry at about the age of fifteen; they are short-lived. At twenty they begin to wrinkle and decay, bearing the appearance altogether of old women. They have fine children, who, however, partake of the pale complexion of the mothers. It is unquestionably the too frequent use of the warm bath, to which the Greek women are so much addicted, that their very relaxed and debilitated state is to be ascribed; and this abuse, added to their natural indolence and inactivity, certainly tends to shorten their lives.

DEATH.

To get me, Eliza! that elegance of person, that beautiful regularity of features, that majestic air which strikes every beholder with love and admiration, will avail thee nought against the cruel ravages of death. The gray, the wise, the humble and exalted, the beautiful and deformed, must all moulder into the same native clay. Thou hast seen the sun rise in all its splendour. Nature freshens at his approach; the morning of its reign is all smiling beauty and perfection; it gains strength as it acquires its meridian height; it faints as it sinks beneath the western hills; the glimmering prospect fades as twilight, and the day is closed in the dusky shade of night for ever. Such is the emblem of life. Man comes into existence as the dawn bursts from the womb of darkness; his youth is beautiful as the morning sun; all smiling innocence and perfection; his puberty is as the noon, endued with strength and vigour, open to new scenes, impregnated with new desires, animated with hope, and pleased with enjoyment; but soon the evening approaches, and all the transitory scenes of time are closed in the allotment of eternity! Man, though born with faculties to reach through the depth of time, and powers to flourish through the great chaos of nature, sinks back with horror at the dreadful uncertainty of futurity; he becomes enamoured of his habitation, earth, and wishes to dwell on it for ever; every art is tried to support his frail and tottering fabric; yet it must very soon decay, and moulder into its native earth. Yet a little while, and every breast now warm with hope and busy with design, shall sink into the cold and senseless grave; the eye that is rearing these lines shall be closed in everlasting darkness, and the young hand that writes them shall, sooner or later, be crumpled into dust.

The following effusion, the production of Mrs. O'Neal, possesses superior merit. There is something in it so mildly sweet, so tender, and so melancoly, as to induce a belief that it was the dictate of a heart of extreme woe. The poetry is simple, but very expressive; and the child of misery, wherever it may wander, who has steeped its cares in the opiate of the Poppy, will feel the force, and appreciate the beauties, of these lines of sorrow.

ODE TO THE POPPY.

Not for the promise of the laurel's field,
Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,
I bend at Ceres' shrine;
For dull to humil' eyes appear
The golden glories of the year,
Alas! a melancholy wretch's mine.
I hail the Goddess for her scarlet flower,
Thou brilliant weed,
That does so far exceed
The richest gifts thy Fates can bestow:
Thine is a paradise in life's morning hour,
Thou comforter of woe,
Till sorrow taught me to confess thy power.

In early days, when fancy dreams,
A vision's breath I weave
Of hazy Spring's insubstantial sweets,
To deck inglorious life;
The rose or thorn my numbers crown'd,
As Venus smiled, or Venus frown'd;
But love and joy and all their train are flown,
E'en languid hope no more is mine,
And I will sing of thee alone!
Unless purchase the attribute of grief,
The cynosure and willow leaf,
Their pale funeral foliage blend with thine.

Hail, lovely blossom! thou canst ease
The wretched victim of disease,
Canst close those weary eyes in sleep,
Which never open but to weep!
For, Oh! thy potent charm
Can agonising pain disarm;
Expel infectious memory from her seat,
And bid the throbbing heart forget to beat.

Shalt thoust plant that can such blessings give,
By thee the mourner learns to live,
By thee the hopeless die.

Oh! ever gently to despair,
Might sorrow's pallid victory dare,
Without a crime, that remedy I prize;
Thy balm for a broken heart,
Which bids the spirit from its bondage fly,
I'd court thy paining aid no more,
No more I'd sue that thou shouldst spread
Thy spell around my aching head,
But would conjure thee to depart
Thy balm for a broken heart,
And by thy soft Lethæan power,
Dissolve these terrestrial bands, and other regions try.

THE CHILD OF SORROW.

Thy sun has set—and cloudless skies
Frown'd a fair to-morrow;
But Ah! as we will mournful rise—
I see the clock of sorrow.

A sad hearted melancholy gloom
Obscures each bright to-morrow,
And gives to fate's relentless doom
Another child of sorrow.

No happier morn of grateful joy
Can welcome me to-morrow;
Till my consuming cares destroy
The hapless child of sorrow.

Then wilt thou Pow's who dwells above,
Send a fair to-morrow;
And bid the clock of heav'nly love
To cheer the child of sorrow.

May Pow's thine wishes, grateful ray
Thine is the future's morn;
And at their bow of heav'nly day
Thine is the child of sorrow.

MATRIMONIAL ADVICE.

The following is an original letter from a lady to one of her Theatrical female friends, who asked, how she liked her change of situation.

My dear —, no doubt you are interested in the question by asking me soon my opinion of Matrimony. It would be *Love's Labour Lost*, indeed, if I disliked it in the *Best of Men*. If you continue such a pride as to retain your old opinion of Marriage as a *Prude*, and still consider it as a *foolish* I would advise you by all means to catch the *Fly in the Fire*, provided you hit upon some sober spark who has seen his *Wild Oats*. *Try a little* you know—however, if upon Review, you should not like the *idea*, why you may cause *The Devil to pay in the School for Scandal*; and, of course, be *cast* of your *Wedding Day*, will then form a very pretty *water a Tale*. Thus, at all events, like a fashionable woman, you will *Raise the Wind*. Do not *Wander* at trifling, for you know *Laugh* when you can *laugh* ever being my maxim. But to be serious, follow my advice, in *Three Weeks after Marriage*, speak of it *you like it* and if you are disappointed, call me a *Country Girl*. *Too Friendly by Half*. With my charms as you possess, I know all you want is *The Will*. Once married, you may, quite in the fashion, act as you choose; and if your upstart proves a *Proved Husband*, who you may take your own *Pen*, and make him *Josephus* or *you may*. (In alluding to the *idea* I have said) you may, in all *and*, perhaps, in nine months hence, as *Time's Tail Tale*, I may produce an additional *and* *Adieu*, yours, &c.

Fonte once observed at a table, after dinner, that the lightest matter in the world would suffice to give rise to rumours of the greatest treachery. Lord H——, who sat opposite to him, in his eagerness to seize any thing that looked like a pun, took up a cork which lay on the table, and chopped it into his waistcoat pocket, saying, "What could you make of this, Mr. Fonte?" "That red was closely secured," he replied. "And of the cork, I do to sleep, taking it from his pocket, and puffing it in the cloth under him. That it was discovered," he answered. Lord H—— laughed, and threw it out of the window; "and now your bedchamber," added Fonte, (it being a windy day) that it increased by storm."

WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

SULTAN AMURATH having laid siege to Bagdad, and taken it, ordered 30,000 Persians to be put to death, though they had submitted and laid down their arms. Amongst these unfortunate victims was a musician. He opposed the officer who had the command to ace. the Sultan's orders accented, to spare him for a moment, and permit him to speak to the Emperor. The officer indulged him, and, being brought before the Sultan, he was ordered to give a specimen of his art. He took up a kind of psaltry, which resembles a lyre, and his strings on each side, and accompanied it with his voice. He sung the taking of Bagdad, and the triumph of Amurath. The pathetic tones and exulting sounds of the instrument, together with the alternate plaintive and boldness of his strains, melted even Amurath; he suffered him to proceed, till overpowered with harmony, tears of pity gushed forth, and he revoked his cruel orders. In consideration of his musician's abilities, he not only ordered those of the prisoners who remained alive to be spared, but gave them their liberty. This anecdote is related by Prince Costimir, in his account of the transactions of the Ottomans.

There are two members in the House of Commons, named Montagu Mathew, and Matthew Montagu; the former a tall handsome man, and the latter a little man. The Speaker, a few days ago, having addressed the latter as the former, M. Montagu Mathew observed, it was strange he should make such a mistake, as there was as great a difference between them as between a Horse Chestnut and a Chestnut Horse. *London Paper.*

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 28, 1808.

The city inspectors report the death of 43 persons (of whom 12 were men, 12 women, 9 boys, and 10 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz: Of apoplexy 1, burn 1, consumption 12, convulsions 2, cramp in the stomach 4, delirium 1, diarrhoea 1, inflammation of the bowels 2, mottled spots 1, pleurisy 1, spine 3, stillborn 2, worms 1, and 4 have been sacrificed to the small pox.

The case of a drowned man, unknown, supposed in the river between Governors Island and the Battery, on the evening of the 14th inst. He had on a dark blue coat with white metal buttons, a waistcoat, and an under black silk vest, a cotton shirt, blue cloth or casimere pant legs, and white stockings. His hair was black and bushy, and he appeared to have been in the water for some time.

The deaths at Philadelphia, during the last week ending on Saturday last, were 36, of whom 24 were adults, and 12 children.

A singular instance of the sagacity of a New-England dog occurred a few days since on the river:—As Mr. Cook, who kept a tavern in Chestnut street, and a party friends, were returning from Richmond, where they had been seeing the day, the boat upset a little below New Bridge, in consequence of Mr. C. (who is a very competent man) shifting from his side of the boat to the other. Having a Newfoundland dog on board, the faithful animal immediately leaped out of the cabin and took him on shore, and returned again with astonishing speed to the boat, and continued to go backwards and forwards until he had rescued six men from their perilous situation in less than a quarter of an hour, to the admiration of a multitude of spectators who had assembled on the Bridge.

Quebec pap.

A Shocking Accident.—On Monday last, (says the Baltimore North American) Thomas Arnold, a blacksmith, and Henry Berry, a foundryman, were both killed at Cecil furnace, by the unexpected discharge of a cannon, which they were proving for the use of the United States. The piece (a twenty-four pounder) had been about two hours previously proved along with a number of other cannons, lately cast at this furnace; but as it seemed necessary, it was then again about to be submitted to a second proof, when the accident happened. The above two unfortunate men, were with cheerfulness, in the act of charging the piece, when from an unsuspected cause, the explosion took place and they were both launched instantly from time to eternity. The bodies were blown off to the distance of two hundred yards or upwards, and their mangled limbs scattered over the fields, in the most shocking manner.

This deplorable accident could only be accounted for either on the supposition that some grit or gravel, was accidentally introduced into the piece with the paper cartridge, or that some part of the cartridge previously used, had remained in a state of combustion during the whole time stated to have elapsed (two hours) between the first and second experiment. It is detailed here to serve as a caution to others, to be extremely attentive to the cleaning and sparging well of every piece of artillery, before it is used.

Arrived at Norfolk, on Saturday at night, his Britannic Majesty's advice-chooner Rapid, in 21 days from Barbadoes. On the day the Rapid sailed, the British ship Pompee, of 98 guns, arrived at Barbadoes from England; the Pompee, of 98 guns, sailed with the Pompee, and was momentarily expected. We do not learn, from information on which we can rely, that a reinforcement of troops has arrived at Barbadoes, but from a Proclamation published in this day's paper, notifying the blockade of the French Leeward Islands, we believe the reduction of Martinique and Gaudaloupe will be attempted by the British commanders. Norfolk Her.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman arrived at the southward, who left St. Pierre's (Martin) on the 20th October, to his friend in Boston.

Considerable alarm was experienced at St. Pierre's, on account of the arrival of British troops at Barbadoes, some said 2000 and others 1200. The French generally believed the island would be attacked, and it was said the inhabitants were ordered to be ready at a moment's warning. Mr. —, who was at Martinique, received a letter from his brother at St. Lucia, under a forged name, and to French, desiring him to leave the island instantly, but gave no explanation. It is the opinion of every one that the island will be rigorously blockaded.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES.

At this uncivilized crisis, when the despotic powers of Europe are exerting themselves to destroy our commerce—it is a satisfaction to be able to inform our readers of any discovery, however trivial, which tends to show the immensity of our internal resources, when necessary to be called into action. It is with pleasure we announce, at this time, that an immense quantity of Antimonial ore has been discovered in the state of New Jersey, superior in quality to any imported. Its importance in promoting the useful arts is well known. It forms the principal material in the manufacture of *Priest's Taper*, and the basis of many medical preparations. In the course of a few days we shall be enabled to give a more circumstantial account of this discovery.

N. Y. Aurora.

A specimen of various coloured Paints, made from the ochre which we lately mentioned to have been discovered within forty miles of this city, is deposited at the Tontine Coffee House for public inspection. We have the satisfaction to state that the discovery is likely to be very advantageous not only to the United States but to the individuals who own the land; one of whom (we understand) is an old revolutionry officer, who has contributed by his sword to establish the independence of a country, and by his genius and the success of his discovery bids fair in a short time to establish his own.

Mer. Adv.

WANTED.

A YOUNG WOMAN, to do the housework for a small family, near the Two Mile Stones. For particulars apply at No 119, Williams street.

1031—mf

WANTED.

A Boy as an Apprentice to the Gunsmith and Cutlery business, one from the country will be preferred enquire at this Office.

November 19

1031 if.

COURT OF HYMEN.

May mutual love the joyful pairs unite,
And social friendship kindly soft delight;
May pleasing transports each dull care destroy,
And hymen crown their nuptial beds with joy.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening, the 25th ult by the Rev. Mr. Towley, Mr. Henry Farwell to Miss Margaret Horton, both of this city.

At Corlies' Hook, on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Komayne, Jesse Oakley, Esq. of Poughkeepsie, to Mrs. Susan Lynch, youngest sister of Dr. Komayne, of this city, and of the Rev. gentleman before named.

On Monday evening last, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Joseph Warren Brackett, Esq. to Miss Charlotte Wiggins, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Walter Merton to Miss Jane Staley.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. William Wilson, of Scarsdale, to Miss Jane Chalmers, of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Col. Anthony Post to Mrs. M. Van Arsdale.

At Mount Pleasant, on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Stephen S. Nelson, Mr. John P. Garrison, of this city, to Miss Amelia Wallace, daughter of Mr. John Wallace, of that place.

At Stamford, Connecticut, on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Wheaton, Capt. Horace Lockwood, of Albany, to Miss Prudence B. Brown, of the former place.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Bernard Dahlgren, Swedish Vice Consul, to Miss Martha Rowan.

At same place, Richard Crosby to Miss Kelsch, of the island of Jamaica.

At same place, Mr. John J. Henry to Miss Mary Smith.

MU & ALITY.

The foot of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth or gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

DIED.

On Saturday evening last, in the 34th year of her age, Mrs. Frances Hopkins, wife of Mr. George Hopkins, justly regretted by all her acquaintance.

At Milton on the 18th inst. Mr. James Ackers, aged about 90 years, leaving an offspring of 305 persons.

At Falkirk, on the 24 inst. Mrs. Mary Rapall, consort of Abraham B. Rapall, Esq.

At Elizabeth Town, Mr. Benjamin Himes.

At Scotch Plains, Mrs. Beverly Coler, aged 88, she was a widow 35 years, and remembered to have seen of her own family seven generations. Nearly 300 of her own offspring are now living.

At Staunton, Virginia, Thomas M. Perkins, merchant, of Lynchburg.

At Richmond, Virginia, Thomas Nicholson, an old and respectable printer.

At the City of Washington, on Saturday morning last, Miss Simmons, wife of William Simmons, Esq. Accountant of the War Department.

BILIOUS COLIC.

An immediate, safe, and effectual remedy in the most intractable cases of BILIOUS COLIC, and is peculiarly proper in all complaints proceeding from a redundancy of bile. It may be used to great advantage in Complaints of the Bowels generally, and is as agreeable as efficacious.

A supply of the above cordial is just received from the proprietor (a resident of New Jersey), who, having witnessed the happy effects resulting from its use for several years past, considers it a duty highly incumbent to place it more in the way of his fellow-creatures.

Numerous affidavits (and those the most respectable) might be produced of its utility and effects, but these authorities are too often abused in recommending trash as specific in every complaint. A trial of the Bilious Cordial will in itself be its best recommendation.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

